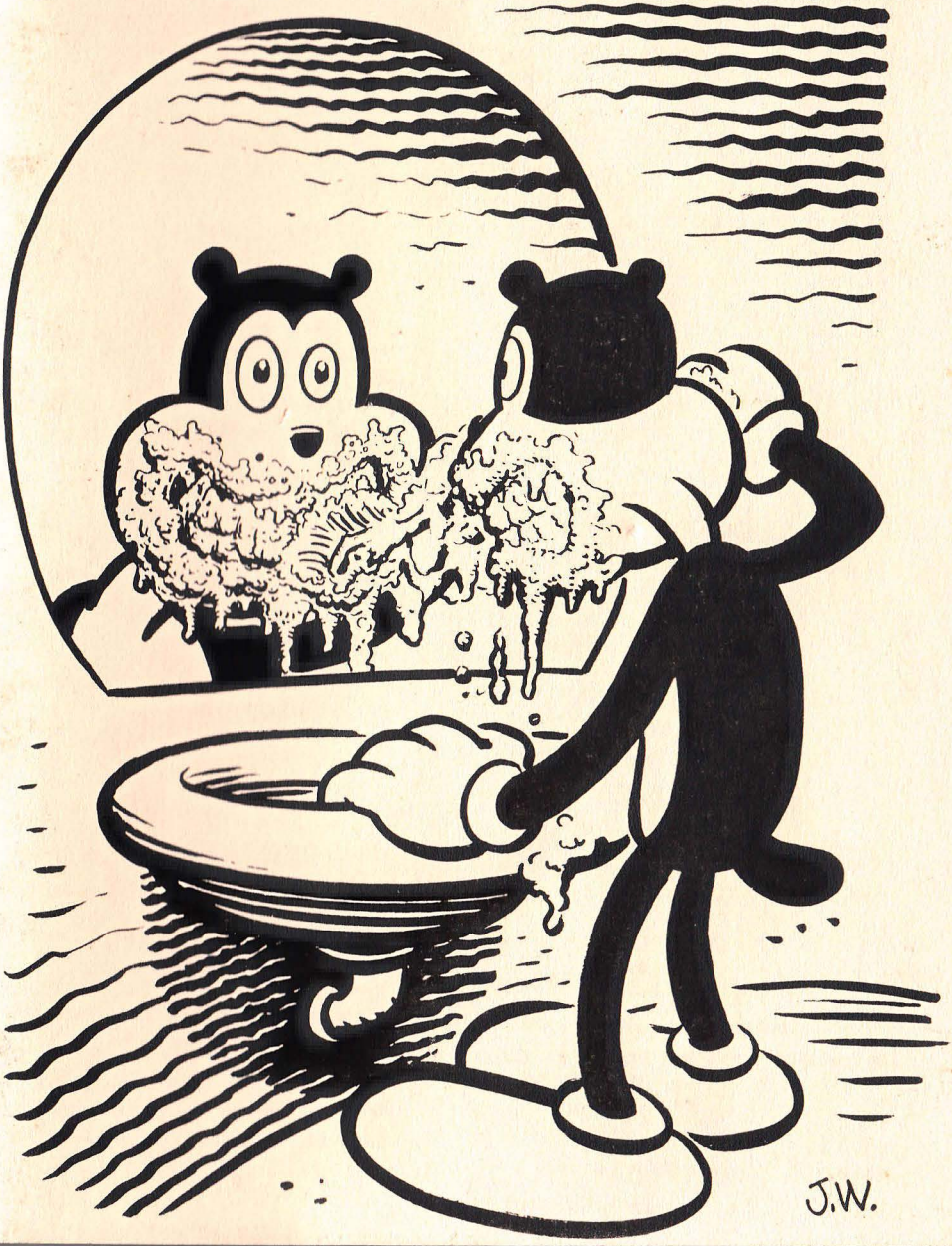
#1

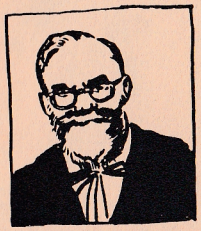
GET STUPID

$2



NEW FROM THE NESTA PRESS!

AT LAST! THE ENEMY EXPOSED!



DR RAYMOND QUARK, AUTHOR OF MILLENNIUM OF TREASON, IS A DISTINGUISHED ORIENTALIST, VITALIST AND EDUCATOR. HE WAS ALSO A MEMBER OF THE JOHN BIRCH SOCIETY UNTIL HE LEARNED OF ITS TRUE OCCULT AND ALIEN PURPOSES!

THE HAND UNSEEN IS THE RESULT OF A LIFETIME OF FEARLESS PROBING!

DR. QUARK'S PROGNOSIS IS GRIM, BUT HE OFFERS HOPE FOR THOSE WHO DARE HEED THE CALL OF DESTINY!

PRAISE FOR THE HAND UNSEEN!

"WILL REQUIRE THE PERSPECTIVE OF CENTURIES TO BE FULLY UNDERSTOOD" — NOTED CHURCHMAN

"I FOUND MYSELF READING SOME OF THE PARAGRAPHS OVER AND OVER AND OVER" — HOUSEWIFE

"IF NOBODY LISTENS TO HIM, WE CAN KISS IT GOODBYE" — RETIRED ARMY OFFICER

"SCARED THE BEJESUS OUT OF ME! BUT, DARN IT, HE TELLS US HOW TO CLEAN UP THE MESS THINGS ARE IN, IF WE ROLL UP OUR SLEEVES AND JUST DO IT!" — U.S. SENATOR

"SORT OF MAKES SENSE" — PAUL NEFF

$35

CLOTH-BOUND, 12,567 pgs. FOLD-OUT CHART, INDEX

Get Stupid is published as often as we damn well feel like it by SKIDMARK PRESS and is made at FISHMONGER GRAFIX STUDIOS.

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BEAUTY:

bye bye, Sweet & innocent..

"I was sick of my good-girl image... wanted to be SEXY! So I changed my image and became a knockout for a night (YOU can do it too!)."

TURN THE PAGE

...HELLO VAMP!!

○HERE'S WHAT I DID:

"Put on a VAMPY WIG... Isn't it fun? I darkened brows to match. brushed them up, dabbed on gel.
IT worked! ...Here's the pay off!
"I've had my eye on him"

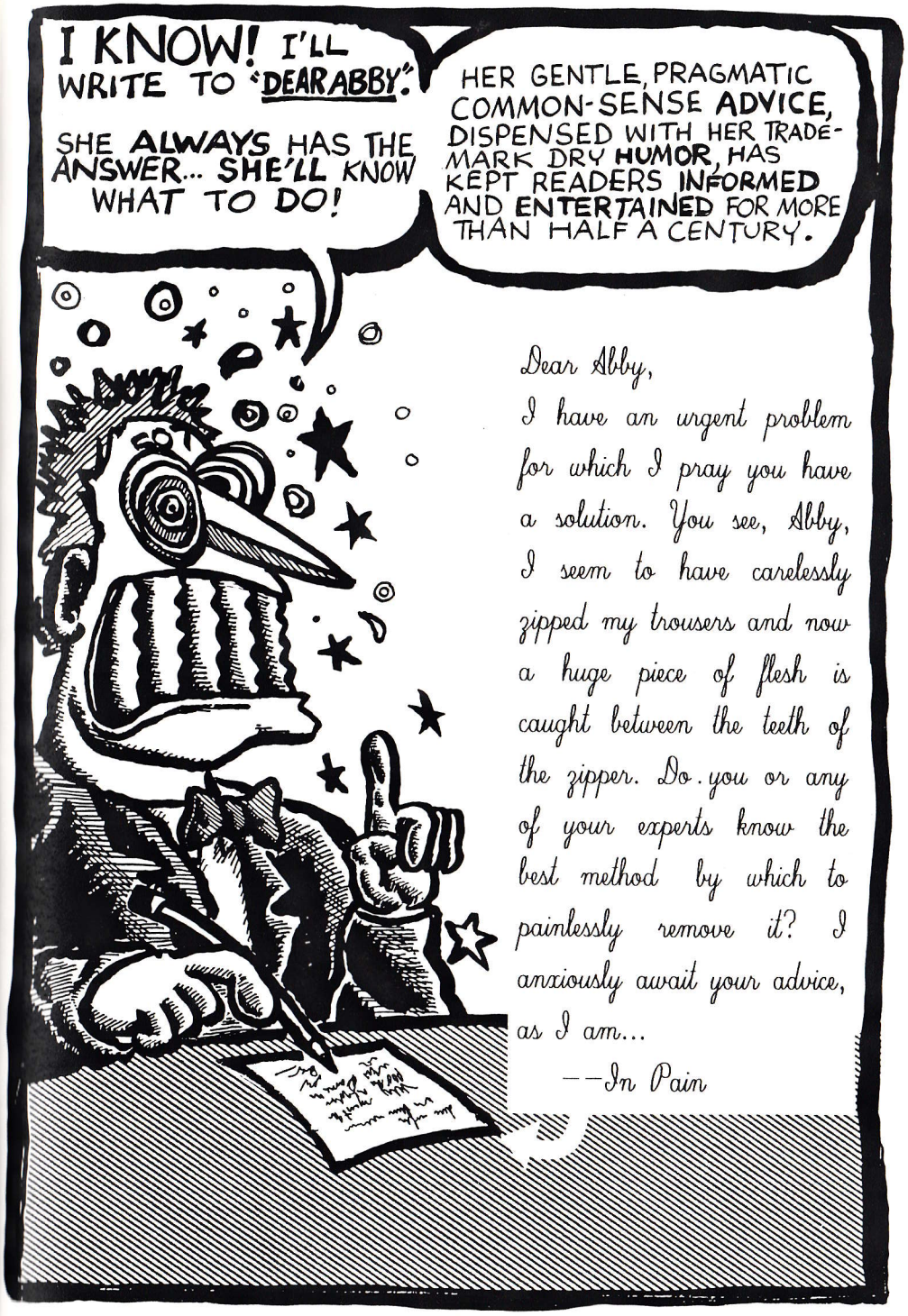
"Now he's HOT for me!"
©1992 RON REGE'
"We have a date for Breakfast!"
END

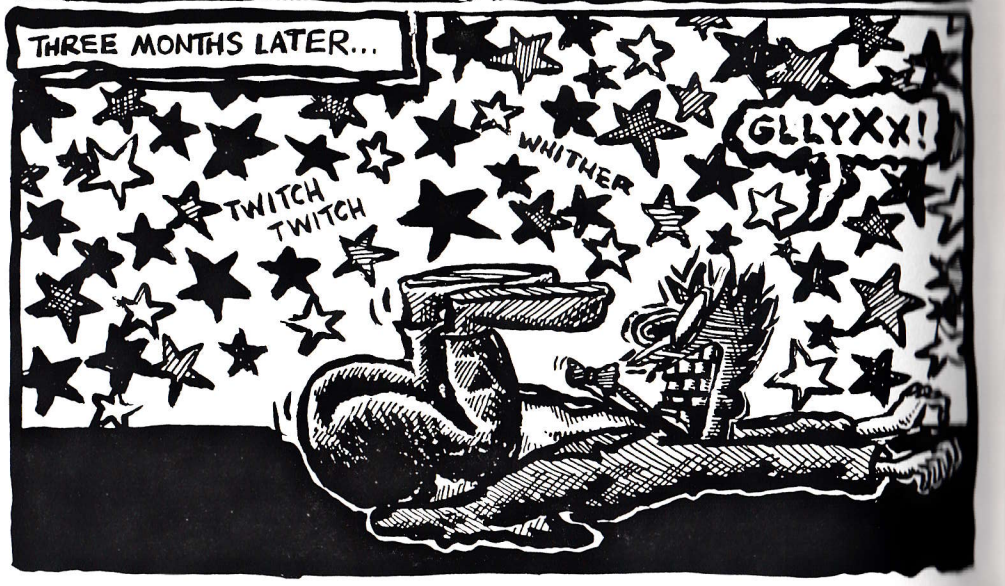
In the world of the future, moronic cartoon characters will be assigned numbers.

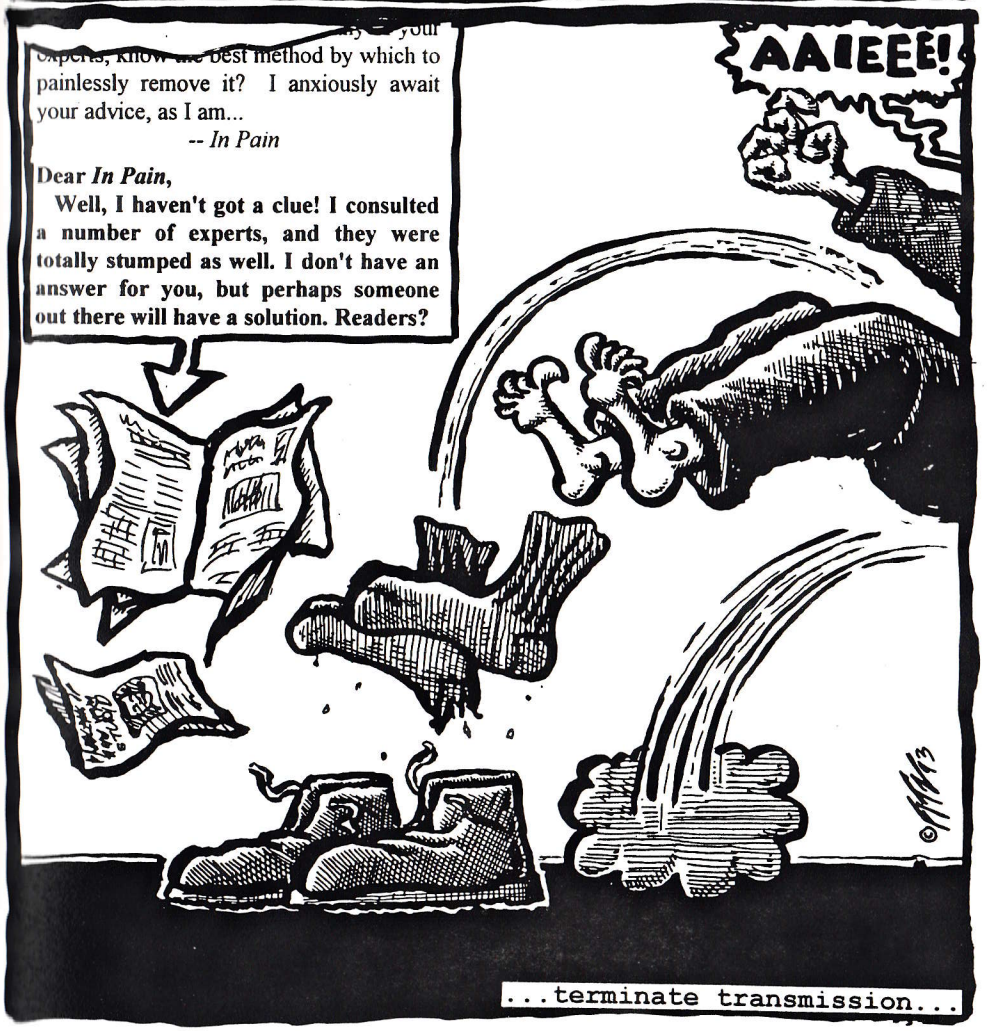
THIS ONE IS...

MR. 507

HEY FOLKS! WE GOTTA HELP MR. 507! HE'S ABOUT TO ZIP HIS FLY... AND WE ALL KNOW HOW CLUMSY HE IS! HE'LL GET HIS DONG CAUGHT IN THE ZIPPER, OR... OOPS! LOOKS LIKE WE'RE TOO LATE....







...your experts, know the best method by which to painlessly remove it? I anxiously await your advice, as I am...

-- In Pain

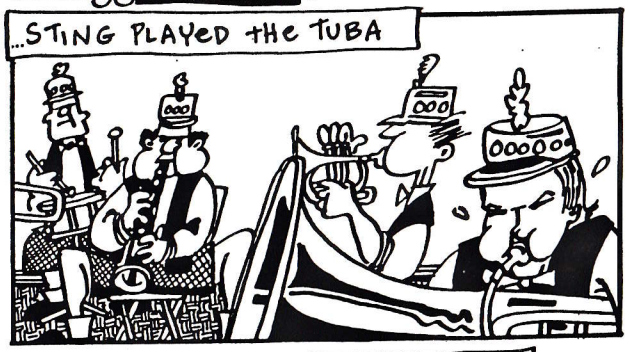
Dear *In Pain*,

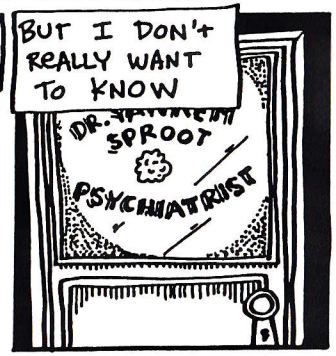
Well, I haven't got a clue! I consulted a number of experts, and they were totally stumped as well. I don't have an answer for you, but perhaps someone out there will have a solution. Readers?

MY DREAMS VOLUME I

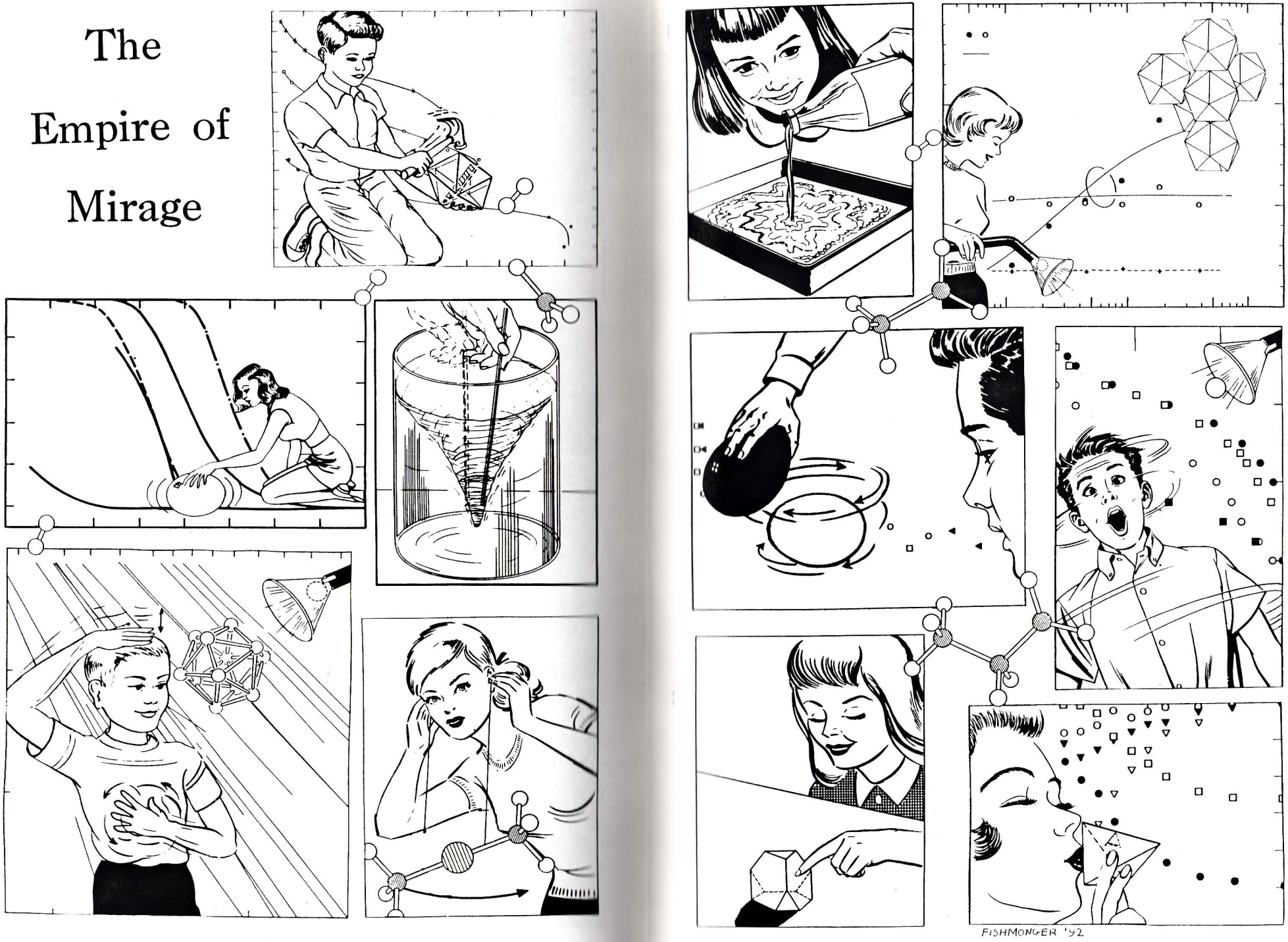
A DAILY DIARY ADVENTURE

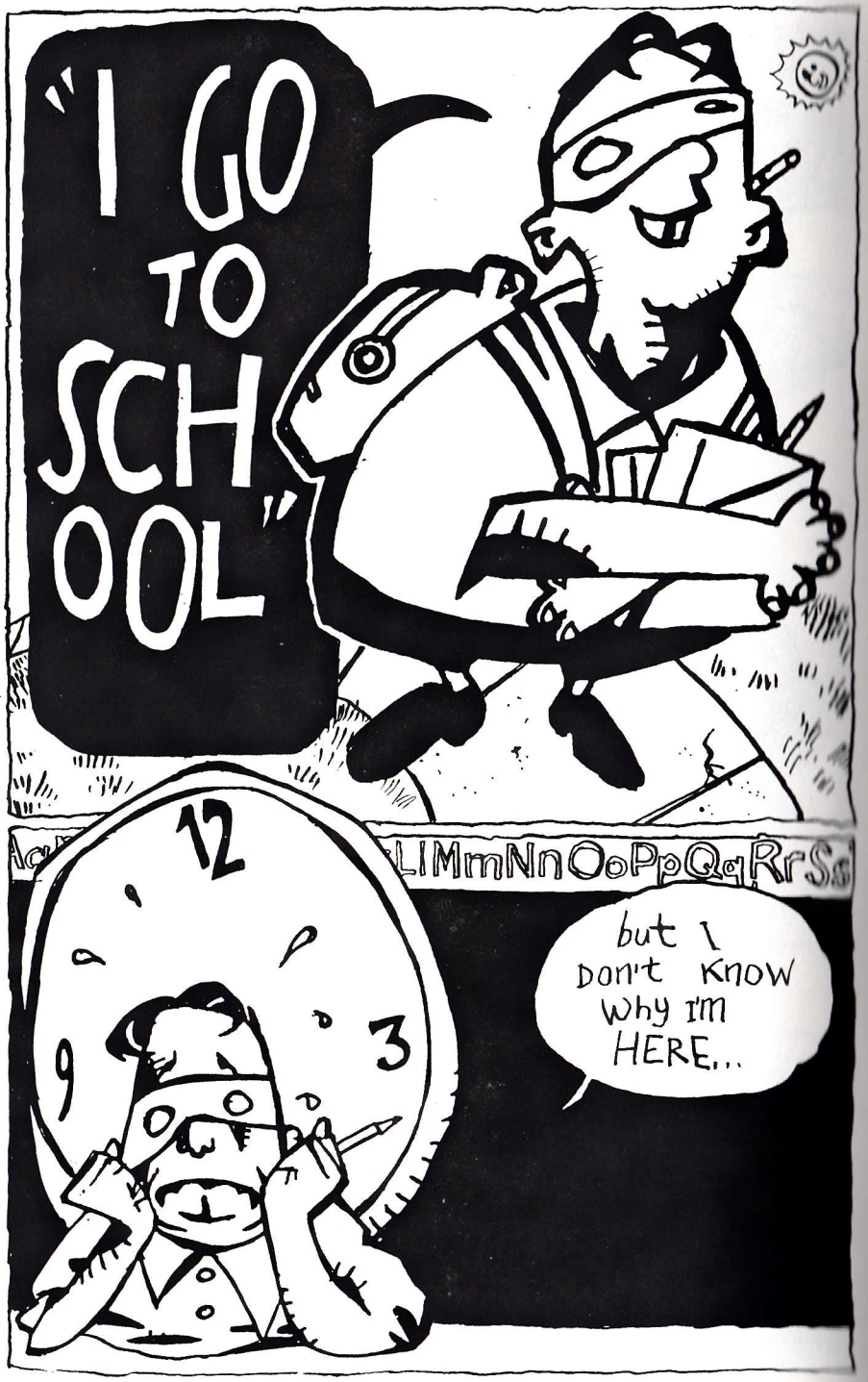
BY LENNIE PETERSON





The Empire of Mirage

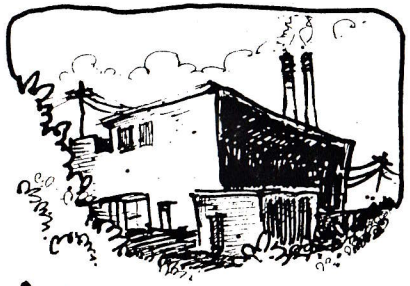


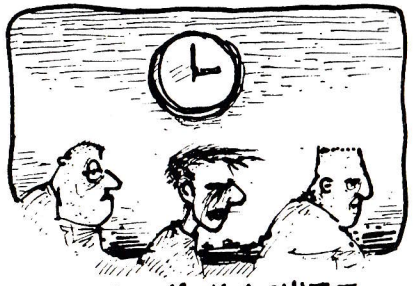

"I GO TO SCHOOL"
but I don't know why I'm HERE...

I love my music!
snap
IT TAKES ME TO SIMPLER PLACES...
#9
WELL, ACTUALLY NOT REALLY...

BUT Hey! MY FRIENDS ARE A BLAST!
except I DON'T KNOW WHO THEY ARE.
I'D LIKE TO TELL YOU ABOUT THESE THINGS...
I'd SURE feel better IF I COULD TALK TO SOMEBODY!
AND HEY! maybe WE'LL become GOOD FRIENDS OR SOMETHING!
WHERE YA goin'?
END.
"Holy Confessions!"
Khoi Vinh © 1992

SECRETS OF FREEMASONRY REVEALED!
AAA OO
HEX
OO GUH!
THE KONTROL!
AMON DUUL II
FLAKMAT DUR
507
10538
HITLER WAS A STINKER
IMHOTEP IS TOO MUCH!





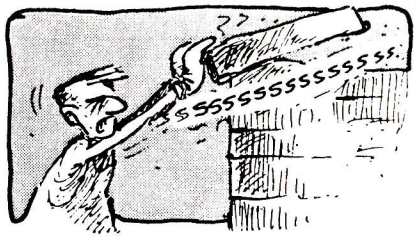
ABOUT 15 YEARS AGO, I TOOK A SUMMER JOB AT A LARGE LOCAL BAKERY IN MY HOME TOWN.

IT WAS THE NIGHT SHIFT STARTING AROUND 3 AM. FOR SOME REASON, I THOUGHT I COULD HANDLE IT.

I WAS YOUNG AND FIGURED I'D WORK TILL THE SHIFT ENDED, SLEEP 5 OR 6 HOURS, PARTY WITH MY FRIENDS TILL MIDNIGHT, SLEEP A COUPLE HOURS MORE, THEN GO TO WORK...

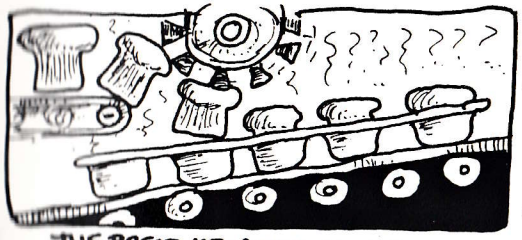
IT WAS THE FIRST TIME I USED A TIME CLOCK AND WE HAD TO PUNCH IN AND OUT FOR EVERYTHING, EVEN 15 MINUTE BREAKS

BREAKS TOOK PLACE IN THE BREAK ROOM WHERE THEY HAD FREE DONUTS (WHILE THEY LASTED) AND COFFEE (DONATION) AND THEY HAD THE MORNING PAPER HOURS BEFORE EVERY BODY ELSE.



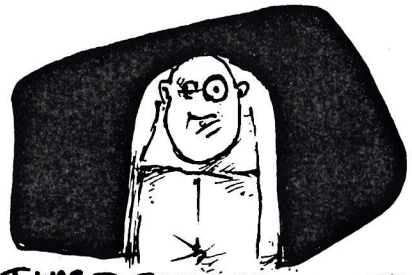
I WASN'T USED TO THIS WHOLE SCENE SO I WOULD OFTEN FORGET TO PUNCH IN OR OUT SOMEWHERE ALONG THE LINE, MUCH TO THE CHAGRIN OF THE BREAD FOREMAN.

I WAS HOT PAN MAN IN THE BREAD CREW. I REMOVED HOT PANS FROM A CONVEYOR BELT AND STACKED THEM ON CARTS TO BE PULLED ACROSS THE FACTORY TO BE FILLED AGAIN



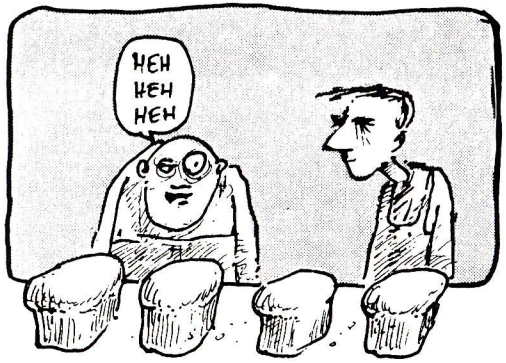
THE BREAD, UPON LEAVING THE OVEN WAS SUCKED OUT OF THE PANS BY SUCTION CUPS CONTINUING ABOUT ANOTHER ½ A MILE ON BELTS AIR COOLING ON THE WAY TO BE SLICED AND BAGGED.

THE EMPTY PANS THAT WERE INCREDIBLY HOT CONTINUED ON THEIR OWN BELT TO THE HOT PAN MAN TO BE STACKED.

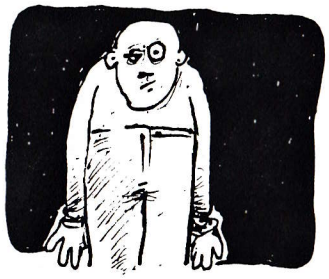


I WAS TO TAKE THE PLACE OF ED WHO WAS TRYING TO MOVE UP TO A DIFFERENT JOB. HE'D BEEN DOING HOT PANS FOR NEARLY 20 YEARS.

ED WAS A CERTIFIED MORON WITH ARMS SO LONG HIS HANDS HUNG BELOW HIS KNEES. HE ALSO HAD THE FILTHIEST MOUTH IN THE WHOLE BAKERY, WHICH WAS QUITE A DISTINCTION. HE WAS ALSO VERY PROUD OF HIS JOB.

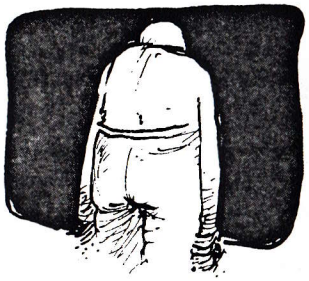


SINCE I WAS NEW AND THE PANS WERE LETHAL, I HAD TO WEAR LOTS OF PADS GLOVES AND POT-HOLDERS...

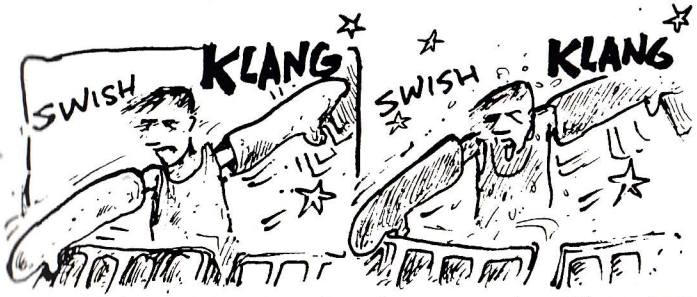


ED ONLY WORE THESE LITTLE GLOVES.

EVEN SO I WENT HOME COVERED WITH BURNS

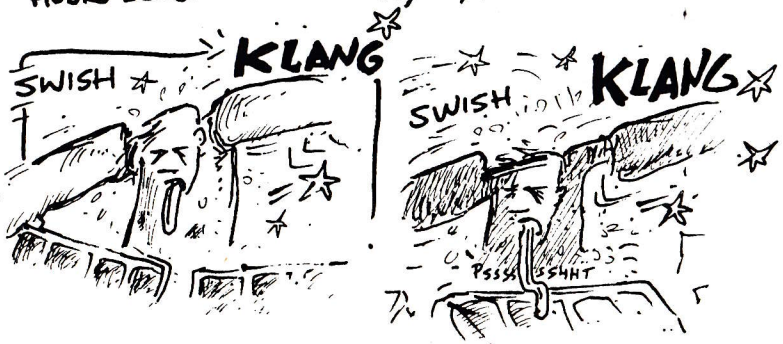


ED WAS NEVER TOUCHED



THE FIRST NIGHT WAS NO SWEAT, LESS THAN EIGHT HOURS LONG.

BUT AS THE WEEK WORE ON, THE SHIFTS WENT 10, 12, 13...



...SOMETIMES EVEN 16 HOURS... HOT PANS

AFTER WORK I'D STILL TRY MY BROKEN SLEEP ROUTINE...

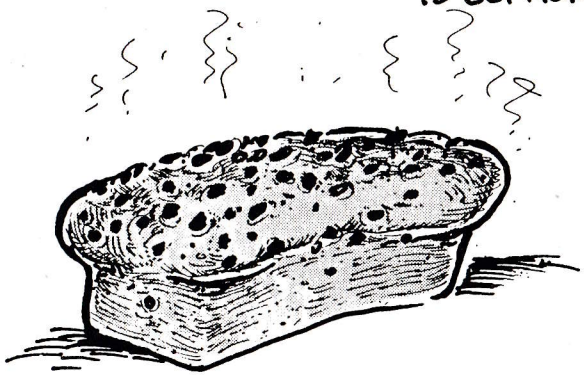
AND STILL TRY TO PARTY WITH MY FRIENDS

ONE NIGHT THE BREAD RUN ENDED EARLY SO THEY TOOK ME TO DO SOME OTHER JOB. I WAS TO POUR BALES OF RAISINS INTO VATS OF BREAD DOUGH TO BE MIXED UP FOR BAKING LOAVES OF RAISIN BREAD. THE DIRECTIONS WERE SIMPLE

I HAD TWELVE BALES OF RAISINS. BUT FOR SOME REASON I STILL RAN OUT OF RAISINS BEFORE I GOT TO THE LAST VAT...

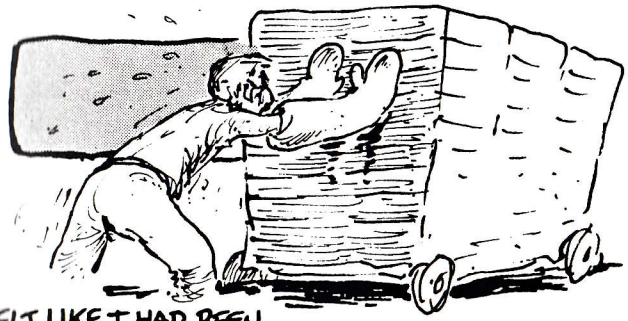
I WAS SO BEAT I MISCOUNTED.

THE FORMAN WAS PISSED BUT THERE WAS NOTHING HE COULD DO. HE HAD TO GET MORE RAISINS.

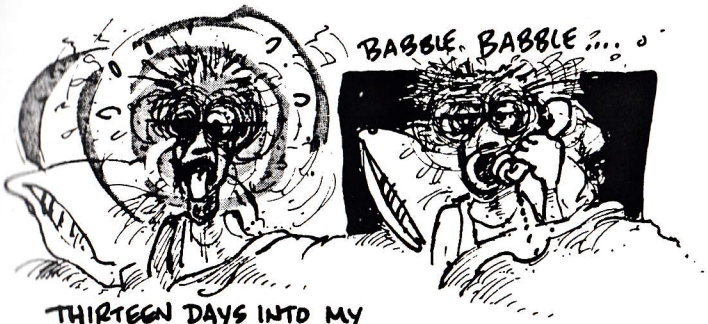


BUT I BET THOSE 1ST 5 VATS MADE THE BEST RAISIN BREAD EVER WITH ALMOST TWICE THE NORMAL AMOUNT.

THEY PUT ME BACK ON HOT PANS. IT WAS ENDLESS.



I FELT LIKE I HAD BEEN DOING THE JOB FOR MONTHS. IT WAS LESS THAN 2 WEEKS.



THIRTEEN DAYS INTO MY JOB AT THE BAKERY, I AWOKE IN THE MIDST OF A COMPLETE NERVOUS BREAKDOWN. SO I CALLED THEM UP AND QUIT.

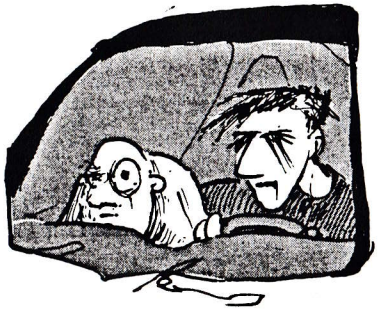
A WEEK LATER, I GOT A NORMAL JOB AT A NORMAL HARDWARE STORE ON A NORMAL SHIFT WITH NORMAL HOURS AND RELATIVELY NORMAL PEOPLE (MORE OR LESS).

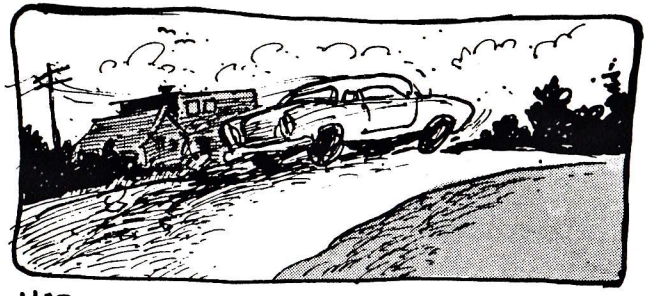
MY JOB AT THE BAKERY

ONE DAY, EARLY IN THE MORNING I WAS DRIVING BY THE BAKERY AND SAW ED WALKING ALONG.

HE ACTUALLY HAD TWO JOBS. HE WAS ON HIS WAY TO HIS OTHER GIG WHICH WAS AT THIS DIVE ACROSS TOWN. HE SWEPT AND MOPPED THE BAR OUT BEFORE IT OPENED. IT WAS ABOUT A MILE AWAY SO I DECIDED TO GIVE HIM A RIDE.

ED STARTED TELLING ME ABOUT HOT PANS





HAD TO HAND IT TO HIM, THOUGH,... TOUGH GIG.

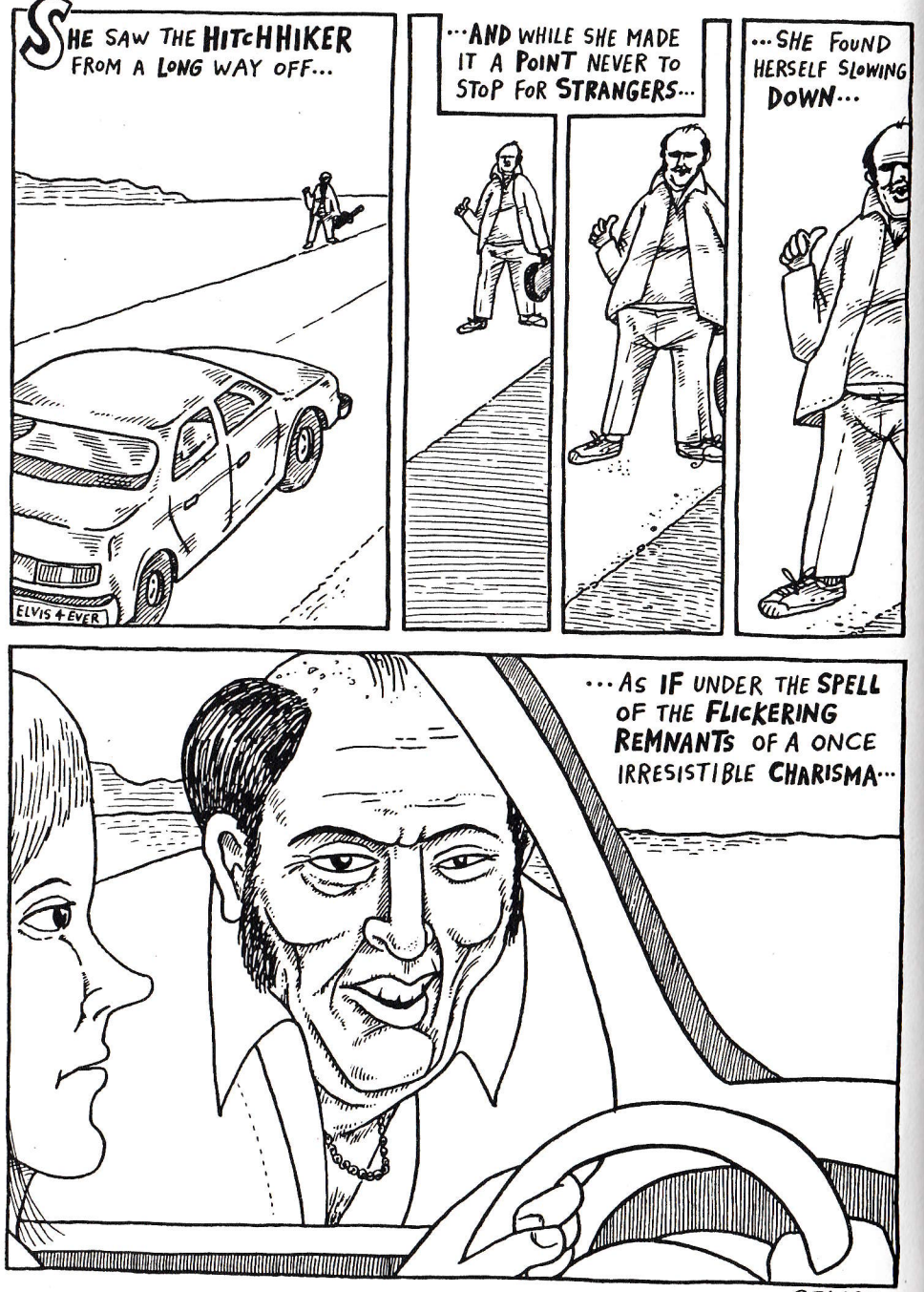
AND ED WAS PROUD DOIN' TH' HOT PANS

END.

MEANWHILE...

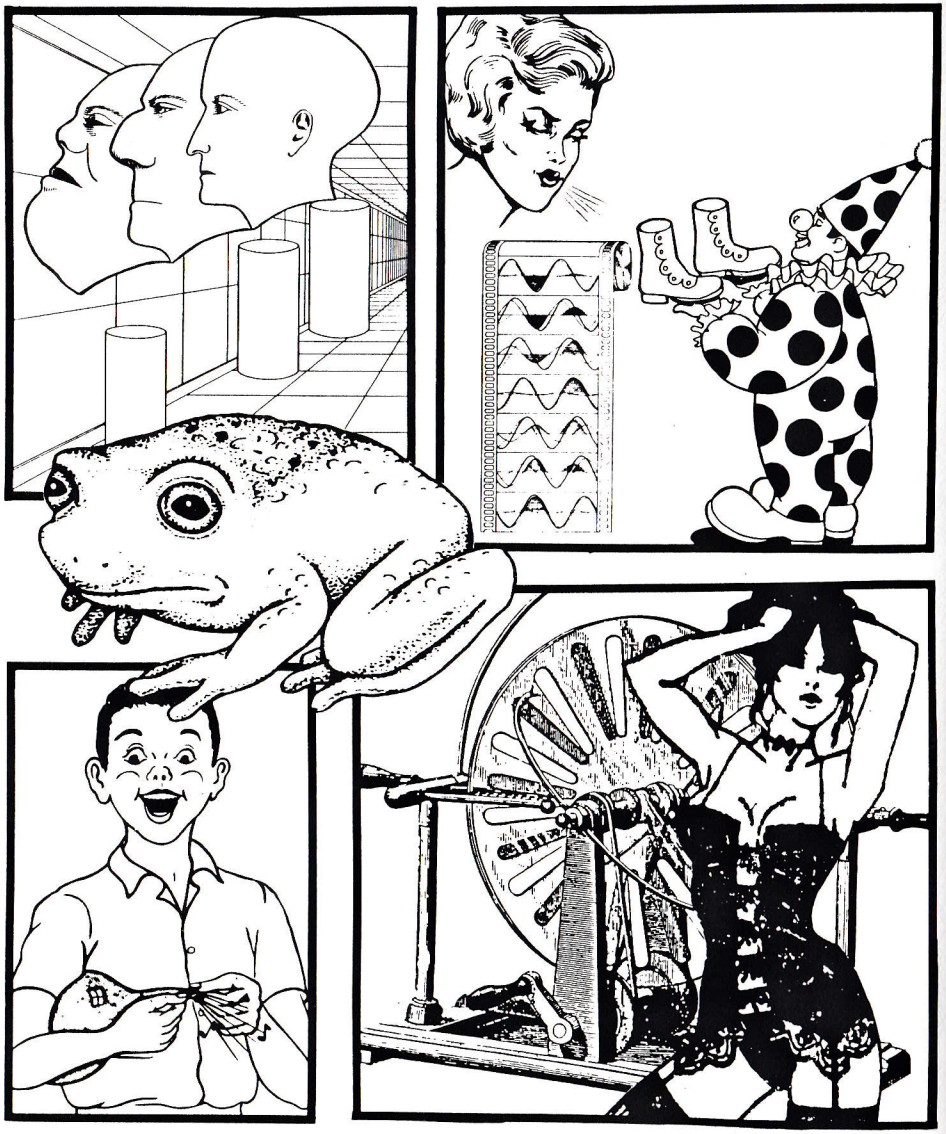
©Feinberg...

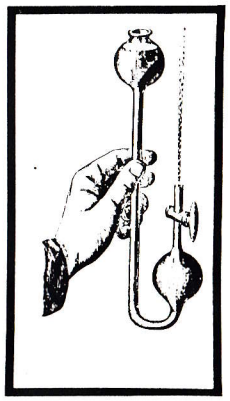
Meanwhile...

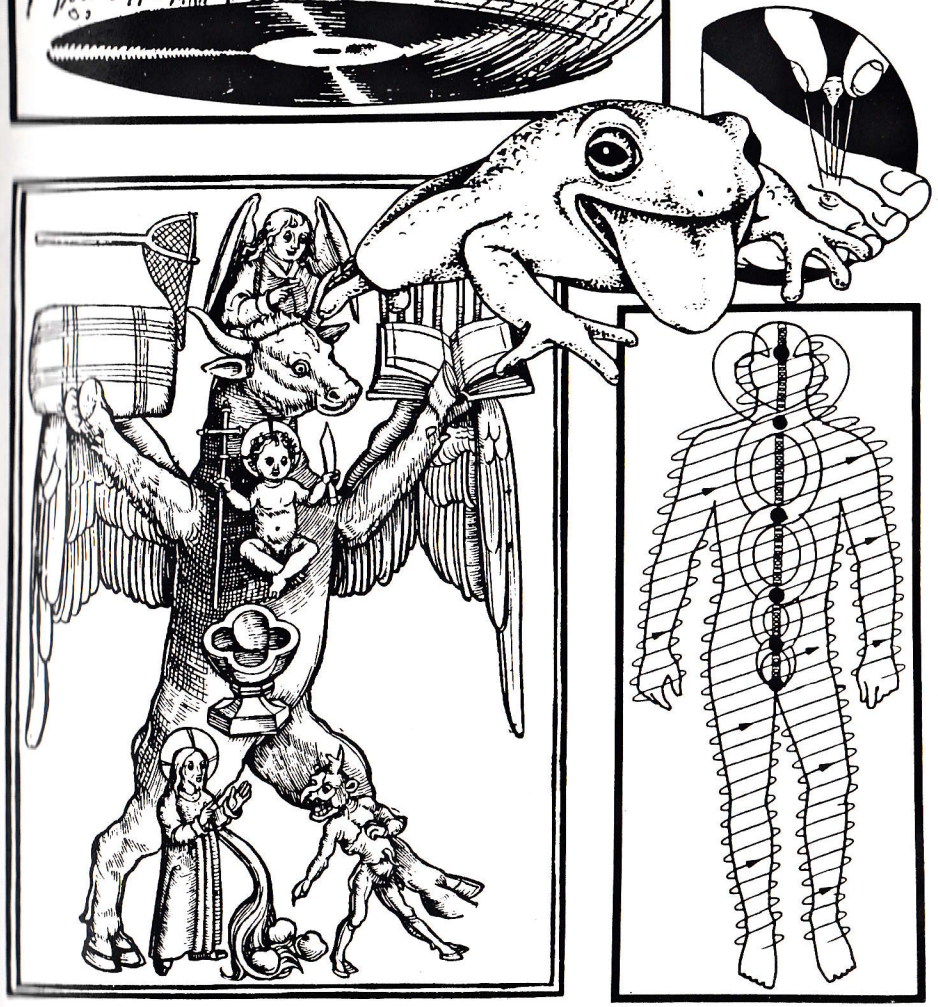


Meanwhile...

Zymole Trokeys



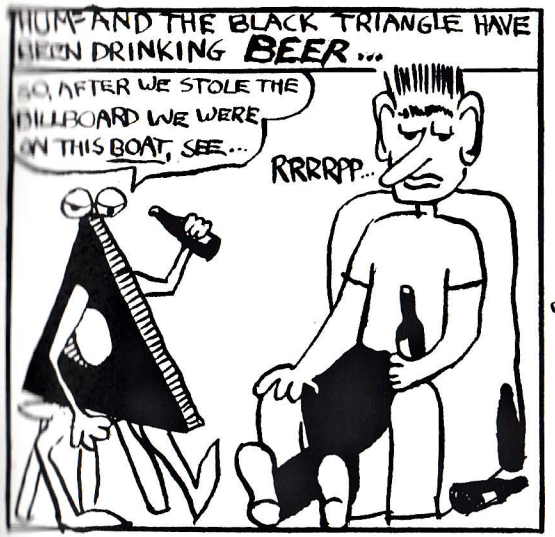


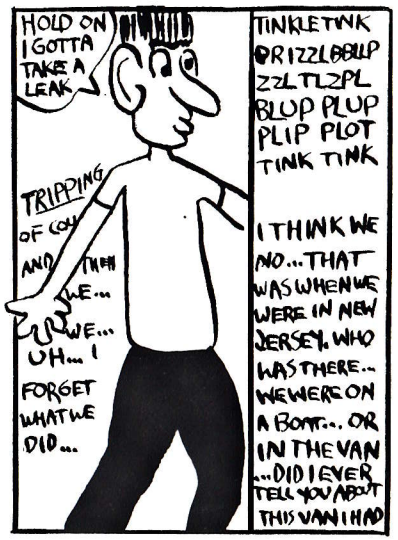


©1978 FISHMONGER

Meanwhile...

THE YEAR WAS 1962...
THE PLACE: LIVERPOOL, ENGLAND...
APPEARING LIVE
VERN Club
IT WAS HERE, IN THIS GRIMY PORT CITY, THAT A NEW GENERATION WAS FINDING ITS VOICE...
...AND COMPETITION TIRE-INFLATING BRIEFLY ENJOYED A MILD SURGE IN POPULARITY...
GOODYEAR
THE BEATLES
THE TYREMEN
GERRY & THE PACEMAKERS
RORY SNORE
BTL507
©Feinberg...

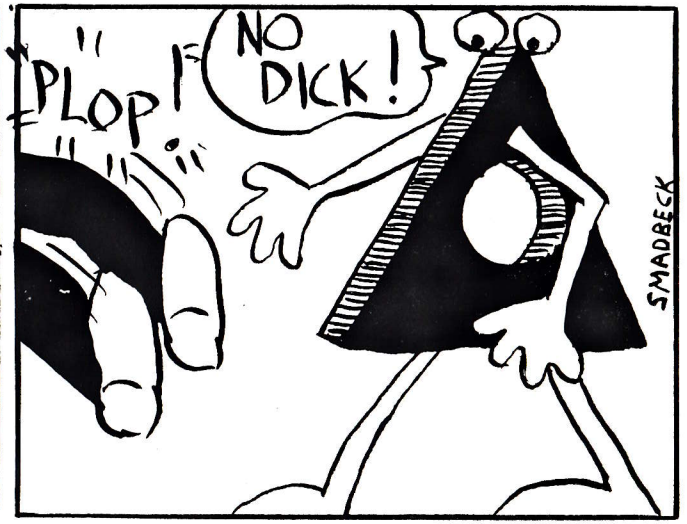

HUMF AND THE BLACK TRIANGLE HAVE BEEN DRINKING BEER...
SO, AFTER WE STOLE THE BILLBOARD WE WERE ON THIS BOAT, SEE...
RRRRPP...


HOLD ON I GOTTA TAKE A LEAK
TRIPPING OF COURSE AND THEN WE... WE... UH...! FORGET WHAT WE DID...
TINKLETINK DRIZZLEBLLP ZZLTLZPL BLUP PLUP PLIP PLOT TINK TINK
I THINK WE DO... THAT WAS WHEN WE WERE IN NEW JERSEY. WHO WAS THERE... WE WERE ON A BOAT... OR IN THE VAN ...DID I EVER TELL YOU ABOUT THIS VAN I HAD

NOW I GOTTA GO TOO
AHHHHH

AAAAAHHH!!
WHUZZA?
I CANT PEE!

WHY NOT?


PLOP!
NO DICK!
SMADBECK

BIG
DADDY
HEX
FLY IN THE BUTTERMILK
SHOO FLY
SHOO
©FITZ '93

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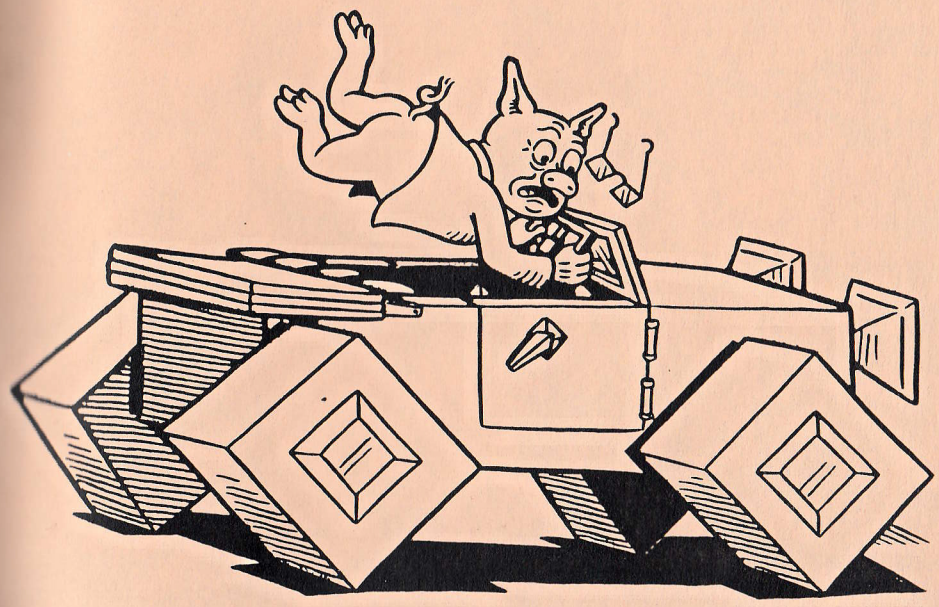
INSIDE BACK COVER *by* KIM DEITCH
BACK COVER *by* PAUL NEFF



FEATURING

Kim Deitch ☺ Seth Feinberg ☺ Dr. Ahmed Fishmonger ☹ Tony Fitzgerald ☺ Scott Getchell ☺ Paul Neff ☹ Lennie Peterson ☺ Ron Rege ☹ Ruggles Smadbeck ☺ Khoi Vinh ☹ Jim Woodring ☺

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